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88A Bellegrave Ct.
Welling, Kent.
Friday, 13.4.45

My darling

Last night at 11.0 pm.
you'd have found me seated on our
bedroom window ledge drinking in
the beauty of the night.

The air was soft and
balmy & scented by the spring
flowers and blossoms that are
everywhere just now. The stars
were shining in the sky, and I
was dreaming of my darling.

It seemed hardly
credible in that beauty and
tranquility that we should be
poked through war. Everything
breathed peace. peace. peace.

Even the train which slowly rumbled over the bridge was lit up like a string of pearls. I just couldn't believe that only a few weeks back I should have been cautious of sitting there by the window for fear some bomb would shatter the silence and stab me with shivers of glass.

The relief of just being able to go to bed without wondering how many & how near the bumps would be; whether after all one's bed should be moved downstairs; or if one would turn over in the night & lie facing a window. It is amazing how soon the effect of

peaceful nights is manifesting
itself in the people. Travellers
who used to be grumpy & snappy
now offer seats or lift heavy
suitcases onto racks & joke about
this and that.

The war news is still
wonderful & nobody doubts that a
proclamation will be made within
a week stating that organized
resistance in Germany is at an end.
It will be a queer end of war,
because fighting will still continue
on a modified scale for a time.
However the proclamation will
mean the beginning of rebuilding
for peace & that is what
everybody wants to see.

I expect you too had the appalling news of President Roosevelt's death last night. It has shocked everybody, and some wonderful tributes have been paid to his memory today by all the leading statesmen of the world. He will be a great loss to America, and to the world.

It's a queer thing about us darling & I wonder if you feel the same way that I do.

Somehow I don't feel bitter & cut right off from you as some women do when their men-folk go away. Everything I do, everything I say, has a touch of you in it. I find myself

always wondering what you would
do or say at a given moment
or in a given situation. Your
photo stands on the chest &
as I go by it I say "Hi
Sweet" or "hello baby" or just
blow it a kiss, quite happily.

I think deep down inside
we is a feeling that next time
we meet it will be for ever
more. We shall have peace, &
love, and will be on the
threshold of the most glorious life
& experiences. There won't be
any undercurrent of anxiety on
our next leave together, no dreadful
impending parting. We shall just
be together again as one, for always.

Do you ever go up on deck,
with a pipe & gaze into the
night & dream of home & your wife?
I hope you do, darling. Though
I could quite understand that the
place is so crowded that there is
little time for solitary meditation.

Drink in all the beauties
darling. Don't let them pass
unseen. This is a beautiful world
of ours and you have a wonderful
opportunity to fill your heart with
its wonders.

Tell me about all the things
you have seen, darling, one day.
And tell me with awe.

I love you,
Clare

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10/m. L. H. WESTAURY

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⑨ H.M.S. BRAGANZA.

C/o G.P.O.

LONDON